THE
Theatrical Observer;
AND
Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 3678. *Monday, Sept.* 30, 1833. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer*.

Hay-market Theatre.

THE entertainments, at this Theatre, on Saturday evening, were *Pyramus and Thisbe, The Barber of Seville, My Wife's Mother,* and *Nicolas Flam.* Mr Morris means to produce plenty of novelty during the remainder of the season to counteract, if possible, the attraction of his rivals. Jerrold's Drama, called *Beau Nash,* a three act Comedy by Buckstone, and an Opera, the music by Alexander Lee, and the words by Addison, will be brought out almost directly. Miss E. Tree would not accept Mr Morris's liberal offer, as her provincial engagements will fill up her time till she starts for Germany, and she opens at Hamburgh in *The Wife,* the 15th of November.

VICTORIA.—Miss Jarman having returned from her provincial trip, theMelo-drama of *Mary,Queen of Scots* was represented at thisTheatre on Saturday evening, after which Capt. Addison's one act Farce, the title of which has been changed from *Marrying and Hanging go together,* to *Who would be Married?* was brought out and met with very equivocal success, beginning and ending in a storm of disapprobation, though the friends of the author contrived to get the mastery at the end. The extraordinary delay which took place between the first and second piece, occasioned, we imagine, by the *unexpected* absence of Miss Horton, whose part was filled by Miss Lee, put the audience in an ill humour, and though there was no extraordinary merit in the Farce, they perhaps were more severe in their judgment than they would have been under other circumstances. The plot bears a striking resemblance to that of *The Illustrious Stranger,* it turning on the distresses of Mr Prettyman, who has unconsciously taken upon himself the office of executioner of the City of Rotterdam, by marrying with the daughter of the late hangman, in whose family the office is hereditary; to avoid the disagreeable office, he changes dresses with a convict, and is on the point of being hung himself, when his former wife claims him, which of course annuls his recent marriage. There were one or two highly comic situations, which in the hands of Liston would have told admirably, but Mr Latham did nothing with them, and Mr Cooper was so imperfect in the few words he had to deliver, that he nearly caused the total damnation of the piece. Mr Abbott's new Farce called *Is it a Woman!* was afterwards acted for the second time, and by its intrinsic merits, and by the ability displayed in its performance, restored the good humour of the spectators, and kept them in a roar of merriment.

It is a most amusingly clever Farce, the scene is laid in Spain, and its plot, its intrigues, its situations, and its humour, were completely

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Spanish. There was the old story of a pair of young lovers deceiving an old father, and ultimately overcoming his repugnance to their union; in this they are assisted by an intriguing chambermaid, and two valets; the scene where the two valets are introduced to the father in the disguise of Duennas, and are confronted with the true woman who has arrived from Seville to guard the young lady, was uncommonly effective, and excited reiterated peels of laughter and applause. The dialogue is smart and lively, and the Farce altogether reflects great credit on its author. Mrs Keeley, Wood, Ross, Latham, and Williams, supported their respective parts excellently.

Drury Lane opens on Saturday night with *The Tempest*, and *Comus*, and previous to the Play an occasional Address will be delivered, bearing upon the novel circumstances in which the two Theatres are placed. During the recess the silver ornaments have been reburnished, and the panels of the boxes coloured a bright geranium, which produces a much better effect than the light blue of former seasons.

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I address you from THE UNION, just through Temple Bar, kept by my old friend Bacon, (late waiter at the Cock) meet lots of Theaticals here after the Theatres are over, and can get excellent French Wines, real Cognac, Brown Stout, &c. all cheap—half hotel—half tavern—makes up 60 beds—but beg pardon, just wish to say a word, hope I don't intrude—will you excuse me, I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday, call at the Queen's Bazaar, Oxford Street, to see the beautiful copy of *Martin's Belshazzar's Feast*, painted expressly with Dioramic effect, by H. Sebron, for this Establishment.—This is the Picture that excited so much curiosity in the Court of Chancery, for which the Vice Chancellor refused the Injunction—found it crowded to suffocation. *The Physiorama* containing 14 views has been added to the *Diorama*, forming together one Exhibition for a 1s.

Afterwards pop in, a few doors higher up, to that *depot* of taste and fashion, the *Palmerian Magazine*, fully equipped with my very best spects, to admire PALMER'S elegant Dressing Case, which is making for the Emperor of Austria—wonderful curiosity—friend P. only arrived lately from St. James's-street.

Ashamed of the rain penetrating my Beaver, determined "to set my crown upon a cast," dropt into PERRING'S, 85, Strand, purchased one equal to Vestris in beauty and durability, and as *waterproof* as Jack Reeve—quite a bargain, only a Guinea.

But stop, I must just run to that well established emporium of fashion *The Western Exchange Bazaar*, Old Bond Street, all my country cousins are waiting for my opinion before they make their purchases;—and then we visit, in the gallery above, that astonishing specimen of human industry, *The Model of London*, where every man may find his own dwelling, if he has one.—120,000 Houses!!—140 Churches!!

Being caught in a storm, and having forgot my umbrella, stepped into Mullins & Co's. Cloth Warehouse, 419, Oxford Street, to buy some Cloth for a Cloak, and was so struck with the superior quality and cheapness of their cloths, that I bought myself enough for a complete suit, and recommend my friends to try the same market.

On Friday, I examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.

Several of my friends having been misled by external appearances, and popped into the wrong shop, I would recommend them in future to order their Wines and Spirits *by post*, as there can be no mistake in directing letters to BRETT'S Patent Brandy Depot, 109, Drury Lane.

Last night I had a puzzler;—just as I was putting on my night-cap, "Paul," said Mrs. Pry, 'what is more brilliant than Peake's wit, or blacker than Miss Love's eyes? I made a hit—*Warren's Jet Blacking!*—Isn't that a good one?—but I intrude, beg pardon, your's, &c.

PAUL PRY.

Mad. Vestris's Olympic Theatre.

This Evening, the Burletta of

A Match in the Dark.

Captain Courtney, Mr JAMES VINING,
Mr Clements, Mr MASON, Vellum, Mr COLLIER,
O'Flinn, Mr BROUGHAM,
Prudence M'Intyre, Mrs ORGER,
Ellen Marsden, Madame VESTRIS,—Who will sing
"Why did I Love."

After which, an entirely new Burletta, called

LOOK AT HOME.

Mr Collinwood Snooks, Mr JAMES VINING,
Mr Gabriel Lovibond, Mr J. BLAND,
David, Mr WYMAN, Walter, Mr IRELAND,
Mr Septimus Lovibond, Mr LISTON,
Mrs Gabriel Lovibond.....Mrs ORGER,
Mrs Septimus Lovibond, Mrs KNIGHT.

To which will be added, a new Burletta, called

I've Lost my Place!

Mr Merryweather Ruttlebottom Belmour, Mr KEELEY,
Commodore Manville, Mr MATTHEWS, Herbert, Mr HOWARD,
Mr Ottoman, Mr WYMAN, Jenkins, Mr COLLIER,
Bobwell, Mr BLAND, Bath Coachman, Mr MITCHINSON,
Emma Belmont, Miss CRAWFORD, Madame Duval, Mrs YOUNG.

To conclude with an entirely new Extravagant Extravaganza, called

High, Low, Jack & the Game;

OR, THE CARD PARTY.

The King of Spades.....Mr MATHEWS,
The Queen of Spades, Miss FITZWALTER,
His Honor the Lord Ace Chancellor, Mr TULLY,
His Grace the Deuce, Miss PETTIFER,
The Knave of Spades.....Mr WYMAN,
His Eminence the Ten of Diamonds, Mr MASON,
The King of Clubs, Mr BLAND,
Pam.....(his Squire,).....Mr COLLIER.
Ombre of the King of Hearts, Mr HUGGINS,
The Queen of Hearts, Madame VESTRIS,
Who will, by way of novelty, sing the Gavotte de Vestris.
The Knave of Hearts, Mr SALTER.

Theatre Royal, Hay-Market.

This Evening, an Original Drama, in Two Acts, called

The Housekeeper.

Father Oliver.....MrWEBSTER,
Dagueere, Mr GALLOT, Lavil, Mr JOHNSON,
Sidney Maynard, Mr VINING,
Tom Purple, Mr BRINDAL, Officer, Mr EATON,
Simon Box, Mr WEST,
Felicia ..... Miss TAYLOR,
Widow Duckling, Mrs TAYLEURE.
Sophy Hawes.....Mrs HUMBY.

After which, the Opera of

ROB ROY.

SirFrederickVernon, MrBASS, RashleighOsbaldistone,MrBRINDAL,
Rob Roy, Mr ELTON,
Francis Osbaldistone..... ....Mr ANDERSON,
who will introduce "*Ellen Loraine.*"
Dougal, Mr WEBSTER, Balie Nicol Jarvie, Mr W. FARREN,
Major Galbraith, Mr GALLOT,
Owen, Mr STRICKLAND, Captain Thornton, MrCOVENEY,
Allen, Mr NEWCOMBE, Saunders Wylie, Mr W. JOHNSON.
MattieMissCAWSE,Hostess,MrsCOVENEY,Martha,MissBARNET,
Diana Vernon, Miss E. PATON,—who will sing
'*Here's a health bonnie Scotland to Thee.*' '*A Highland Lad,*'
and '*Peace my Heart,*' (composed expressly for her.)
Helen Macgregor ..... Mrs W CLIFFORD.
A PAS SEUL, by Miss ROSE.

To which will be added, (29th time) a Farce, in two acts, called

NICOLAS FLAM

Nicolas Flam.....Mr W. FARREN,
Mr Fitzsmith, Mr BRINDAL,
Lord Pedigree, Mr BASS, Shrimp, Mr WEST,
Doctor Birch, Mr STRICKLAND,
Mrs Nibble ..... Mrs TAYLEURE,
Harriet, Miss J. SCOTT,
Miss Mary Puddicombe, Mrs W. CLIFFORD.

To-morrow, Clari, The Begger's Opera, Spring and Autumn, and Pyramus and Thisbe.

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